

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

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OF  
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NEW ITEMS, NOTICES AND REPORTS MUST BE SENT TO THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY EVENING OF EACH WEEK, IF THEY ARE TO APPEAR IN THE CURRENT NUMBER.

TRANSMISSION NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

WE call attention to the unusual number of burglaries during this past week. Now that our protection is so good against fire, it should be made equally good against thieves. There used to be an Association for this purpose. Where is it? Is it dead, or only defunct?

THE BAZAR is in full blast, and the Loan Exhibition bids fair to be a valuable record of the honorable past of the village. She has always been true, and always compact. Keep her so! We emphasize the request made elsewhere in our columns for articles of interest.

## THE OPERA.

When the Grand Opera ceases to be fashionable, or when fashionable people cease to direct the manner of its production, then the English-speaking people may hear one properly rendered. They seldom, if ever, do now. This may seem like a sweeping assertion, but it is capable of easy demonstration. Most people go to the opera because it is both fashionable and the "proper thing." Even in our staid town there are many people who would shrink from attending the performance of a pure and wholesome comedy by a company of genuine artists, but who would attend an opera whose libretto is indecent, and the acting frequently only rescued from stupidity by its vulgarity, just as fowls are sometimes saved from insipidity by being tainted—gamy, they call it. And yet, since it is opera, indecent words and vulgar actions are heard and seen with unblushing cheeks and unlowered gaze. People who know not one note from another, nay, who cannot tell Old Hundred from Hail Columbia, to whom all music is noise, will consent to be bored for three hours and a half because it is the opera. Good musicians will consent to endure mild torture for a whole evening, with occasional intervals of refreshment, because it is the opera. Thus the victims of this social juggernaut are recruited from all ranks; and the institution remains and flourishes.

But many who admit the slight drawbacks of bad words and bad acting, declare they attend for the sake of the music. Music forsooth! Do not go to a goat's house for wool, say the old proverb. It is not quite applicable here, for mixed up with much stuff we find some glorious music. But is it not pretty hard to be obliged to pay ten dollars in money to be bored with dull stupidity for an hour and a half, to have your senses of sight, sound, and perhaps decency outraged for another hour in order to hear one hour of good music? We think Patti marvellous, Campanini a delight, and Nilsson adorable; but the price demanded in one way and another is too great for us to care to hear them often in opera. If the opera, as given in New York and London, had to depend upon musical people for support, it would not live a single season. The fashionable American consents to be bored in silence while the stars are not on, but the English have a more rational and consistent method, albeit a rather disgusting one to the musical person. During a large part of the performance they eat, drink, laugh, talk, and make themselves merry. We are free to assert that the popping of corks, and the rattle of spoons, to say nothing of chattering voices, add nothing to the enjoyment of the music.

Now, what is the trouble? Just this: The fashionable public demand from the manager a certain number of notoriety of a certain kind. He satisfies this demand, and of necessity sacrifices all else. Phenomenal singers, like those named above, should be heard in the concert room, for they are too high-priest to be heard anywhere else. The serious opera is a heavy strain upon the imagination; at best it is full of incongruities, and it soon becomes absurd in the hands of the inexperienced. A spoken drama may be made intensely real, the musical never. But when the music is properly rendered; it takes captive the senses, and we cease to be conscious of lack of reality. If, however, the senses

are prodded into intense activity by squeaking fiddles, screeching horns, and cracked voices playing hide and seek and leapfrog, amid the intricate maze of the score, it exceeds the power of even a Nilsson to lull them asleep again.

What can be done to secure the proper rendering of an opera? Let a German company be imported in a body, or let one be organized here on their model. Every second-class city in Germany has a stock company, which is capable of causing a listener to almost forget his own existence during a performance. No one is shown to a seat during an act. Even a whisper is greeted with dark looks and scowling faces. Every member of the chorus is a trained singer, and every man in the orchestra a thorough musician. Neither are the solo parts neglected. Each one is in the hands of an artist. And last, but not least, this most perfect musical feast is as cheap as it is good. Mr. Abdy declines with thanks the Metropolitan Opera House for another year. No wonder.

## TWO IMPROVEMENTS.

We understand that the Village Improvement Association has proposed two matters for immediate consideration by our citizens. One is the drainage of the upper end of Broad street; the other the cutting of a new street through the burned district, to continue Fremont street into the Centre.

Both of these plans are not only advisable, but even imperative. The drainage of the area stopped off by the elevating of the grades toward Bloomfield avenue, and by the heavy fill required in the construction of the Greenwood Lake. R. R. is a point of interest to all property owners in the north end of the town. When it is accomplished it will enhance the value of real estate in that vicinity far more than is at present imagined. It will also take away the last possible chance for damp or low ground anywhere in the heart of the village.

Similarly, the opening of Fremont street will be a great accommodation to everybody. It now requires that a person crossing from the Centre to the region beyond Franklin street shall go a long way around in order to go a short way across. Doubt the indiscriminate use of Mr. Carl's garden path, from street to street, gave abundant opportunity to thieves to inspect his shop door and note his burglar-alarm. If he, or several other owners, should forbid any such trespass on their premises—as they have a perfect right to do—they would be a great deal of neighborly inconvenience.

It is also desirable for our tradesmen that all roads should lead to their places of business without needless delay. We might even think that the two physicians, and the church, which would share these advantages, were elements in the case. But we have been observing the track made across the burned district by a great number of feet, and we feel that this practical argument is the strongest. The snow shows a beaten path the very first day, and this path gradually widens until it makes evident the fact that to permanently shut off this thoroughfare is to seriously incommodate a large number of people. These do not all live there or have regular business back and forth, but they form a most important element when it comes to the question of use. Those who take the train, or who go and return on errands, or who carry goods home, are the thankful ones when they can be spared a bit of unnecessary journeying.

We do not now enter into the inquiry as to the probable cost of these improvements. They ought first to be examined on their merits. If they are really necessities, and if they benefit any large class of our fellow-citizens—and especially if they shorten the steps or save the health of the weary or the poor—they ought to be carried through. The Association will secure the support of the town, to the full extent of its zeal in the direction of an impartial allotment of the advantages which follow from its work. It must regard the welfare of every class and its plans must embrace the poor man's need as well as the rich man's desire. We are glad to think that these two improvements are thus designed; and that, if carried out, they will be generally useful.

THE PRESENT STATE OF CROWDED HEADS.

It is no secret that the kings and queens of the earth are having a very hard time of it. They are not hedged about by divine right as in the old days. No absolute power is in their hands. They are surrounded by checks—and policemen. They are restricted—and receive good salaries. The present model monarch is a luxury and a useless appendage to the forms of government; a convenient figure-head; a stalking-horse for ambitious politicians.

Perhaps a king is a more pleasing spectacle than a truckling trifler-tink; but the Day of the People appears to be a bad day for the kings. Moreover, kings and queens and princes and princesses are going in for literature, and some of them have even attacked the outer defenses of art. The old-fashioned crowns are troublesome to put on, and a silk hat or a French bonnet is altogether neater and less conspicuous. For the more conspicuous you make royalty, the surer you are to invite the bomb, or the dagger, of the assassin.

Yet we did not quite expect this last book of Queen Victoria. It avoids all political questions, it is true, but it exposes her majesty to some very unpleasant comparisons. Familiarity breeds contempt in the lower classes—especially with Mr. Henry George crying out for a distribution of land among the poor. It

does not matter that Mr. George is an enthusiast and a fallacist—for a great many persons of ordinary good judgment are already deceived by him, and have taken up his notion. The annual grants of money and various perquisites will not be any easier to secure in the face of a record which, whatever may be its domestic merits, is calculated to bring the crown and the common people altogether too close to each other. They already feel a devotion to the Queen as a wife and a mother, and that was enough. They certainly did not need the full exposure of her family experience.

Bluff old Kaiser Wilhelm, now, is another sort of a king. He really keeps up the traditions, and his family follow him. The profound loyalty of Germany is due to the ancient sense that a genuine leader of men—and not a mere crowned head—is on the throne. The Kron-Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm is after the same fine pattern a soldier and a true man. But for a country that stands as high as England does, the outlook is decidedly gloomy.

Russia and Turkey and Austria and Spain are in a very unhappy position. France is in the chadron of party strife, now and forever. Sweden is holding on to the past traditions with somewhat of persistency. But England has only the prospect of a king who may renew the worst scandals of Charles the Second—and about all of the Georges. And therefore this publication is ill-timed, to say the least; and as palace and hotel get nearer to each other the rights of man—which are not always the rights of kings—may be sufficiently importunate to equalize some of the present discrepancy, and to divert considerable power and revenue in other directions.

The question still remains whether we are ourselves so completely successful as to be able to criticize without fear. The answer will depend upon the intelligence, the honesty, and the incorruptible patriotism of the everyday voters of the United States. To us there is no throne, but the ballot-box; no sceptre but the ballot; no king but the representative of the people; and no monarchy but that of a crowned idea. It is this idea whose roots must go deep beneath every hearth-stone, touch every school-house and draw life from every great fountain of moral and religious truth.

WONDERFUL!

You can select your

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A. H. OLTMSTED;

Also fresh Eggs, Cheese, Canned Goods, etc. Families waited upon on regular days.

P. O. Address.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

TIMETABLES.  
Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL., LACK., & WESTERN RAILROAD.  
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.  
Leave Montclair—6:03, 7:15, 7:56, 8:28\*, 9:15, 10:35  
11:35, 12:50, 1:40, 3:30, 5:25, 6:10, 6:57  
8:15, 9:45, 11:05 p.m., 12:20 a.m., 1:45 a.m.  
Arrive New York—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:32, 9:19, 10:37, 11:30, 12:33, 1:43, 3:32, 4:47, 5:27, 6:13, 7:00, 8:18, 9:43, 11:08 p.m., 12:23 a.m.  
Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:32, 9:19, 10:37, 11:30, 12:33, 1:43, 3:32, 4:47, 5:27, 6:13, 7:00, 8:18, 9:43, 11:08 p.m., 12:23 a.m.  
Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:30, 10:50, 11:50 a.m., 1:08, 1:58, 3:47, 5:00, 5:38, 6:38, 7:26, 8:37, 10:48, 11:22 p.m., 12:23 a.m.  
Arrive New York—6:08, 8:00, 9:40, 9:10, 10:00, 11:20 a.m., 1:40, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:20, 10:30, 10:30, 11:20 a.m., 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:20\*, 4:50, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:15, 7:56, 8:43, 10:03, 11:03, 11:53 a.m., 1:18, 2:44, 4:13, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48, 8:15, 9:45, 11:08 p.m., 12:23 a.m.

Arrive Montclair—6:51, 7:26, 8:09, 8:55, 10:56, 11:55 a.m., 12:05, 1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:04, 5:37, 6:15, 7:05, 8:09, 9:14, 10:50 p.m., 12:04 a.m. Arrive at Glen Ridge 2 minutes later.

\*Indicates that train does not stop at Newark.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE, R. R.  
Chambers and 23d Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:47  
11:45, 12:45, 1:32, 2:58, 4:08\*, 5:58 p.m.  
Leave Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:47  
11:45, 12:45, 1:32, 2:58, 4:08\*, 5:58 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:06, 7:58, 8:57, 10:56 a.m., 1:49, 3:51, 4:54, 6:58, 10:08 p.m.,  
Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:50, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40 a.m., 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45 p.m.,  
Arrive Newark—6:25, 7:30, 8:00, 9:40, 10:00, 11:20 a.m., 1:40, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:55 p.m.

Trains marked \* will run Saturday nights only.

Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 5:28 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:20, 10:00 a.m., 3:40 p.m., 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 11:20 a.m., 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:20\*, 4:50, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:15, 7:56, 8:43, 10:03, 11:03, 11:53 a.m., 1:18, 2:44, 4:13, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48, 8:15, 9:45, 11:08 p.m., 12:23 a.m.

Arrive Montclair—7:02, 9:25 a.m., 12:49, 4:29, 5:29, 6:26, 7:11, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:04, 9:29 a.m., 12:53, 4:28, 5:33, 6:31, 7:16, 8:50 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:25, 7:50, 8:50, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40 a.m., 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45 p.m.,  
Arrive Newark—6:25, 7:30, 8:00, 9:40, 10:00, 11:20 a.m., 1:40, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:55 p.m.

Sunday trains from Newark at 8:45 a.m. and 6:15 p.m.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:20, 10:00 a.m., 3:40 p.m., 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 11:20 a.m., 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:20\*, 4:50, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:15, 7:56, 8:43, 10:03, 11:03, 11:53 a.m., 1:18, 2:44, 4:13, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48, 8:15, 9:45, 11:08 p.m., 12:23 a.m.

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